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WAR LETTERS

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WAR LETTERS

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foreword

"LETTERS MAKE THE BEST ANTHOLOGIES." This brief but significant anthology has been compiled from hundreds of vivid and memorable letters written by Christian missionaries in China during the tragic and chaotic years from 1937 through the first half of 1941.

No one of the letters was written with the thought that it would be published. Here are frank and spontaneous records of Christian faith in action. Some were addressed to family circles, some to intimate friends, others to missionary associates and a few to officials of the Board. In each case we vouch for the authenticity.

It is obvious that there has been the necessity of deleting names, certain places and some sentences. We have been censors in order to protect the lives and the Cause concerned.

This collection of "pilgrim songs" is presented to all who will pause to listen and meditate, with the conviction that it will tell of life in the midst of death, of hope in the face of despair, of courage where fear destroys, and of the peace of Christ in a world at war.

CHARLES T. LEBER

August, 1941

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1 suffering hearts live

THE LOVE of your Christmas card and note carries on in my heart. You bring the Eternal to me. And just now you are more real to me than the neighbor's crude table on which I write. Your presence is insistent like the throbbing spring morning which floods through my open door.

The steadfastness of this people has gripped me this winter as never before. Their disciplined security increases my own. I travel by donkey back or donkey cart across the village dotted plain, conscious that eyes which hold their smiles, and lips that speak not what the heart bears, are caring for me and for what I represent.

Along the way I pass charred fresh ruins set amidst broken courtyard walls. Some of them were lovely temples. I used to dream, jogging along, that, having lost their mud gods after 1927, they might some day summon to a greater loyalty the village worshipers of the true God. Some are the ruins of peasant homes. All had given asylum to the heroic champions of the Great Unsubmissive. But there are many homes remaining, and as I pass them by along a village street, I wonder whether it was last night, or the night before, or whether it will be tonight or tomorrow, that the watcher at the head of the street will welcome to a hundred homes those who hold the people's heart. All are conscious of a Cause. While suffering hearts live for that Cause, can *the Cause* fail to enter in, and live here, sharing the welcome, the devotion, and bringing in the Eternal?

There are few mission staff men at work in our rural field this winter. There is one frail saint who is confined to his own chapel court, and one who lives in Peiping, but comes out sometimes, and now that Mr. A is restored to us, travels about with him. But four of the five rural centers have one trained woman worker each, and the fifth has three women, two of whom are available for special service for short periods in the other centers. Through the month of

February we had ten young women students from the Union Bible Training School for Women at work in two teams out here. No teams from there ever seemed to enjoy their work more. We do less of hiking to outlying villages than we did formerly, but go about serenely when we do. A woman always bears a woman's risks. On the other hand, she is less subject to attentions which are given the suspected accomplice. The situation supports my aim toward a more centralized, continuous work with an educational emphasis. Through the years there has been the scattering of the seed. It is high time to cultivate. We must have women church members. They must be understanding—not only moved upon. They must be literate, and living Christians.

We have a new woman staff member in our rural field this winter, who is high in training, character, and consecration. I'll not mention her name, or line of service. I heard her say recently that she considered this a time when women can best carry on in this rural field. I remembered this later when city folk attempted the removal of all women from the country field! This young woman is beginning right down on the ground, and her method is education. She has convinced me of the value of teaching women the Chinese National Phonetics. She interested me in learning it myself at the Chinese New Year time, and she then assisted her friend in initiating its use out here at an annual class.

You have noted several causes for the peculiar joy and encouragement the work has brought me this winter—the steadfast spirit of the people, and their sense of cause; the inspiration of a splendidly trained and experienced young woman in our midst, intelligent, sane, glad; the beginnings of a constructive type of work which should be the foundation of a church, of a Christian community. My heart calls out for a young missionary to live in this situation with me, to send down her roots into the soil here now. The life forces I have mentioned are to me the Real. Occasional communications from church and state authorities which advise withdrawal of personnel are to me the Unreal. Send someone here now who can stay! Mrs. C gave me the inspiration for this specific request when

she told me of her daughter who is at present doing graduate work in Chicago, who hopes to return to China to work, and who has been interested for years in working in the Peiping Union Bible Training School for Women! Can the Board send her out? I think she plans for one more year of study. I regret that I knew her only slightly as a small girl, but I do know her parents, and her family's influence, and that suffices. Maybe she would like to work with me out here among the people for a few years, and then go into the Training School. That is what I wanted when I came. To have her with me would be my great joy. I will write a personal note telling her of my gratification in her hopes and present interests. I have written to the Associated Mission Treasurers' office in Shanghai to the effect that I am asking the Board to retain my salary for May. And I enclose a memorandum to this effect for the Treasurers' office. I want you to use my May salary as a nest egg for the salary of a new single woman worker for North China. If she can be for Peiping station, that is just the Easter chick I'd like this egg to hatch! Let us carry on! God does!

2 thank God and go on

FIVE RIFLE shots in quick succession spattered the dust on either side of them. The two girl evangelists jumped from their bicycles as several soldiers came running up. "Oh, they're women. Our mistake. Go on." They did go on and started meetings in two villages that very night. They were out to buy up the evangelistic opportunities of the Chinese New Year season and had no time for nerves or hysterics. "Thank God and go on." That is the spirit that carried eight bands of young people triumphantly through three weeks of special preaching missions and is still nerving five bands to carry on through thick and thin. . . . From a human standpoint it seems impossible for work to continue under present conditions. All intercourse between villages is practically cut off. In many places meetings are taboo. Sometimes believers because of their fearlessness are accused of being unpatriotic. Then there is the constant process of being ground between upper and nether millstone, spies, suspicion, paying off grudges, people carried off for ransom or torture. But in spite of everything the gospel is still being preached and people are turning to the Lord. Conditions constantly change. A village that is closed today may be open for unhindered work a few months later. So the bands travel in the steps of faithful Abraham and start out, not knowing whither they are going. Their faithful God always prepares a way before them.

February 10th was a memorable day, with seven big carts, two wheelbarrows and a dozen bicycles loading up to carry eight bands to the country. This is the largest number that ever started out on a single day. . . . "How many Bibles should we take?" Practically every band had exhausted its supplies before moving to its second place! Bibles! Bibles! Bibles! The Bible houses are still unable to print them fast enough; four times the normal number were sold last year all over China and the demand continues to grow. This is just about the only business that is prospering in these disturbed

times! Last year a band worked in one area for several months and scarcely sold a single New Testament. This year people there are buying dozens of copies of the whole Bible. And they are studying it, too. More than once when the band was moving on, the local group has pled for one person to be left behind to carry on the Bible study class. We were able to stretch ourselves into eight bands only because a dozen Bible school girls joined us, giving up ten days of their mid-winter vacation and ten days of the new term. The faculty gladly consented to their tardy return.

Now I am simply bursting to introduce you to the Li Ming Evangelistic Band! For months we have been quietly waiting and watching to see if the Lord's time had come to hear our prayer for the gift of a band of young men to do the kind of aggressive evangelism in which our Ling Chan Band of young women has been so greatly used of God. Two or three boys had finished Bible school training, eager to win souls and willing to endure hardness. But they had family responsibilities. While it has come to seem quite easy and normal for the Band girls to trust the Lord for their support, was it practical for heads of families to live by the same rule? Then a very special gift arrived from America. Suddenly it became quite clear—this must be the provision for starting the Li Ming Band! So they prayed and prepared. Second-hand bicycles were bought, tambourines, a baby organ, blackboard, cooking kit, etc. were collected. Pastor Ku took the new-fledged band under his wing and a busy itinerary was mapped out. In existing circumstances it is almost impossible for young men to move about the country. They run the risk of being impressed for service by one side or the other. But we claimed the promise in Psalm 31:20, and the members of the band have been unmolested. A large door of opportunity has been opened before them. . . . Truly nothing is impossible with God. Now won't you just make your prayers a wall of fire round about these young men? Pray too for more boys to be called into this work. We have now four exceptionally fine young men whom we hope to send on to seminary or Bible school in the fall. The boys have been carrying on Sunday schools in ten nearby villages. The Girls' Gospel School re-

opened with over 200, in spite of the fact that no students were permitted to come out from certain districts. We have had to turn down hundreds of applications. Our prayer is that everyone who has this privilege of study may become a soul winner.

What shall I tell you of the relief work? First, thanksgiving that funds have come in to continue our present enterprises and to open two more porridge kitchens. But still hungry stomachs are crying, "More, more, more!" The number begging from door to door increases daily. One can satisfy half a dozen with left-overs, but when twenty or thirty come in succession, you must prepare a lot of extra food. Each beggar carries a stick to ward off vicious dogs and a bag to carry the crusts that are given out. Sometimes each has a bowl for liquids, and sometimes a pail. My heart was especially touched to see a very well-dressed woman and little girl with the familiar stick and bag. They were obviously from a formerly well-to-do home but had simply gotten to the place where gnawing hunger forced them to swallow their pride and take their place with the ragged hordes of beggars. Many of them who have been able to scrape along through the winter are now at the end of their resources and must beg or starve. Only the more husky ones will survive on these precarious rations.

Already smallpox has appeared in the refugee camps near here, so Miss A and the nurses who assist her are busy with vaccination parties. In the flooded area, we are carrying on a class in mat-weaving. About seventy women and girls are enrolled and taught to weave mats. They are given their food for a month while learning. It is hoped that this craft will make them self-supporting, but the market is not very dependable. Please pray especially for those who are administering relief. It is hard to be patient and kind when one is almost torn limb from limb by desperate claimants! One can not blame them for being desperate. We pray we may be worthy ambassadors as long as we are permitted to remain.

3 love for all sorts of men

OUR LITTLE city was bombed on June 12th and again on July 6th. Three bombers each time dropped six bombs, two of which were incendiary, causing loss of life and loss of much property. And one day in February about 9 A.M., shortly after our steam-launch had left the jetty loaded with people for N — —, a solitary bomber flew over us and followed down the river about one and a half miles until it caught up with the launch; then it dropped three bombs, one landing so near that the shrapnel pierced holes in the launch, fortunately above the water line. The second failed to explode. By this time, the launch had pulled to the bank and the people were scrambling ashore and running, so the bomber dropped the third bomb on the shore just where the people were landing, and used a machine-gun, firing into those who were trying to escape—*all* civilians—men, women and children. We have never known how many were killed, for some were blown into the tidal river and washed away. But there were many bodies lying dead on the shore.

After all three bombings many of the injured came to our hospital, and we were most happy that we were able to minister to the awful suffering caused by shrapnel wounds. An Austrian refugee doctor had arrived on June 5th to take up work in the hospital and his help made it possible to admit all the sufferers who needed attention as inpatients, as well as to treat large numbers of outpatients. This work of healing continues throughout the year, so there is daily opportunity for evangelistic work among the patients, using tracts, Scripture portions, wall-pictures depicting Christ's ministry and love for all sorts of men. May the Holy Spirit use the daily message to touch the hearts of all who hear, and use the printed message which they carry home to enlighten others.

4 our home has been open

THE YEAR was started in Shanghai as a refugee with our seven months old baby, away from home and my husband. After the bombings of the days past, even the friendly hum of an airplane overhead or the acceleration of an automobile in the street below brought a pang of horror. I am back home in N — — now and during this writing we are having an air raid alarm—wondering if planes will come today or not—but time has eased that earlier feeling quite appreciably.

My three and a half months in Shanghai was a period filled with new experiences: living in other people's homes with a small baby, using borrowed things, studying Chinese without a teacher, meeting other refugees, and trusting that the news from our N — — home would be only good news and that people would be spared and kept safe there or wherever they might have taken refuge. Even now there is the hum of a plane after an hour and a half of waiting. It has become perfectly silent outside although a few minutes ago there was talking and laughing among the neighborhood people who come into the compound when they hear the urgent siren. Thankfully we notice the plane has passed over and there is the sound of the cackling of a chicken, the splitting of fire wood, and people's laughing and talking.

After my husband reached Shanghai in mid-July, it was very difficult to decide whether or not to bring our little son back to N — —. After much thought, counsel, and prayer we decided that the place for us as a family was N — —. The trip back was a terrible one—taking five days instead of the one night as in ordinary times. Since our return we have had about 250 air raid alarms. There have been bombings near our city and many times planes have passed over, but fortunately there has been no bombing in N — —.

During the school year, I have been teaching one period, four days a week in our Girls' Primary School next door. This has been

very interesting work and has given me an opportunity to meet directly some eleven to thirteen year old Chinese girls. These periods have been enjoyable times of the day. Parts of the year we have been the only representatives of our mission in the city. Our home has been open to those of our mission and others, many of whom have been going into the interior or coming out; ours is the only open port in this section. We have had nearly fifty overnight guests, some staying one night and some staying about a month. I did not realize before coming to China that a course in "Hotel Management" would have been useful to a missionary. Sometimes I have felt that I am learning by experience. It has been very valuable to meet these travelers and compare notes with them on the Christian work in China.

Every morning I meet with our servants for a few minutes of Bible reading, explanation, hymn singing, and prayer. This calls for a review of the parts of the Bible that I have previously studied, gives me a little special expression in Chinese, and helps me to learn the hymns in Chinese. With this, and the regular course in language study, I have been spending from one and a half to two and a half hours a day in language work. During this second school term, my husband has been going out to the school in the country. He goes early Monday mornings, spends a full week of teaching, language study, and extra-curricular activities and returns home Friday afternoons to attend to N — — mission matters which are under his hand. This arrangement is very difficult but much better than that which many other families are experiencing. God has been very good to us through this past year and drawn us closer to him through its experiences so that we can only thank and praise him.

the days have been so full

EVER SINCE I got back here to China, I have been thinking of you and sending you messages in my heart and prayers. The days have been so full to the brim that I have not gotten letters off to you all, and now comes a wonderful chance to send this out.

To begin back at the beginning for news and catch up a little. The three days in Japan were delightful. Both missionaries and Japanese were very good to us. . . At one of our stops, I found G — —, and we had a wonderful time talking and catching up on news. When we got here—it seemed like a dream. It was nearly nine o'clock at night, so we expected no one at the station which is located outside of the town. But the platform was dotted with bobbing lanterns in the darkness (there are no station lamps) and we found the teachers and older girls and compound folks, and even some from the city out to meet us. How lovely it was to see them, and how good to be back! I have no words to express the feeling of joy and homecoming it all gave me. They have taken my return as an indication from God that the Mission will not have to leave, and they are just expressing their joy.

And what do I find as to conditions? Well, the soldier situation is better. Very few Japanese are left here and going in and out of the city freely is now possible. But the country is much worse off than before and the suffering is intense out there. The government is gone. Banditry has arisen. The crops were bad this year and many are starving; and so the poorer and worse elements have arisen and turned bandit. Every town of any size has been forced by the invading military to form a Wei Chih Hui, or puppet government. These are often ex-bandits. As they are not paid, they must collect their pay from the people, and they collect it by force and extortion. Then there are the Communists, and the regular guerrillas, and lastly the

ancient "Red Spear Society." All these parties roam about, living off of the people; and the conditions are terrible.

But what of the church and schools? Well, the schools are running full to overflowing. We are wondering how long we can continue, for the Japanese are pressing us to register with their puppet regime, and as we cannot do it, we may have to close. The children and teachers would be forced to join in Confucian worship and this we will not do. Japan has chosen Confucianism as the religion of the "new order" and it takes the place of shrine worship in Japan. We are trying to prepare the hearts of the students now while we still have them. The day may soon come when we cannot teach any more, and they will have to stand up to the temptations and trials without our help or protection.

The church is growing by leaps and bounds, and how friendly the people are to us everywhere! We can only stay over one night, or maybe two in each village, and then move on; for we attract too much attention in the villages and make it unsafe for the whole group. I took my first country trip this week into the East field with Mr. C and Mr. E. We came back simply thrilled with the proof of God's working in the church. We covered sixty miles in two days, visited six centers of worship, and came back encouraged beyond measure. The light of the gospel is burning in a dozen instead of in two centers. In the field east of here, there are no buildings left, to be sure, but the real church is there. It is like Acts: "They went everywhere preaching." It was a beautiful day, frosty and cold, when we started out. By noon we had reached the town where Elder F has been living since his house in L — — was destroyed and the minute I saw him, I knew that something was wrong. He asked me to go back to the inner courtyard to see his wife. Mrs. F burst into tears and said, "I thought that I'd never see your face again." She is such a dear friend. Elder F came close and whispered in my ear, "You must go immediately. The tower in the corner of the yard is full of armed men and the neighboring village is, too, and the two bands are going to fight at any minute." Well, we went; we sauntered out as unconcerned as you please, said our adieus in full view of both the hidden

parties of men, and went across the deserted no-man's land between the villages. It gave me the creeps, a little, to know of the eyes upon us; but if we had acted alarmed, we might have precipitated things; they would have thought that we were going off to report to authorities elsewhere. How God did guide and keep us! I hated to leave the folks there; but our presence was a danger and not a help to them.

When we got out of sight of the villages, we stopped and decided what to do. As some Christians lived in a nearby village, we stopped there and had a good visit with G whom I dearly love. Such a sunny, brave little woman she is. As she said the road ahead was "peaceful," we went on. Not far from there we stopped again to visit and found five Christian families who had built a new little chapel, all themselves, and were having daily services, although only one man of the group can read at all. Because they had just had a wedding, there was food, and we had a fine meal. We surely were hungry for it was 3 P.M. and we had eaten at seven that morning! I had not dreamed that conditions were so bad out in the field that we could not even get peanuts! There is literally nothing for sale.

From there we went on to H — —, where we planned to spend the night. It was getting on toward sundown, and as we went we met more and more bands of armed men on the roads and outside every village. But they were all friendly and glad to see the "gospel preachers." We got into H — — about sundown, and had a wonderful welcome. Noodles were prepared for us, which we ate with enthusiasm in the front of the entire congregation gathered for a service. Mr. C preached, and then another woman and I took the chapel, and the men the gatehouse, and we spread our beds on the benches put together, and slept soundly all the night through.

The next morning after making a few visits, we left H — —. This time we came straight on home by the most direct route; for we had covered the villages the day before. We rode as hard as we could to get on past the fighting, and passed L — —, with much gratitude in our hearts to God, who had led and protected us every step of the way. The town of L — — is a heartbreaking sight. We

went around the deserted streets and found the chapel in ruins. I thought of the Bible and literacy classes that I had held there, and of the friendly women. And about us was a ruined town, a ghost city and enough to give one the creeps. And then I thought—but the Christians are somewhere, and just like those we saw in the six towns we visited yesterday, they are witnessing for Christ. And so the work goes on. May God keep you all. And may we glorify him. Pray for us.

6 though tragically quiet and lonely

NOT ONLY do we still find ourselves in Shanghai, carrying on the work of Hangchow Christian College in the International Settlement, amid the turmoils and tragedies of the third year of the China War, but now we have become engulfed in a world and an era in which the scope of deadly war is enlarging day by day. Yet, by the blessing of God, I have been privileged to carry on my teaching work in modern history and political science—and this with a saving sense of fruitfulness. I have sought to keep projected, as it were, through the dark cloud, the vision of God's family on earth dwelling together in righteousness and peace.

Opportunity in student work seems unlimited. I have marvelled this year as never before, how Chinese youth will respond to Western age (white hair is evidently not a barrier) if one will be just a big sister; if one throws herself into their problems wholeheartedly. Many students stand ready, waiting for something which will give life meaning and reality. The interest in religion has been exhibited by extension of the number of Sunday morning worship services, by the large number of baptisms at Christmas and Easter (forty-seven on the latter occasion) and by the increased enrollment in voluntary Bible classes.

At the spring recess, we spent two days at H — —, away from the strain and stress of our work in Shanghai. The college campus, though tragically quiet and lonely, still makes its natural appeal, particularly in azalea time. How many more years will it be until we can resume work there—who knows? The beauty of this favored spot stands out in ever-stronger contrast to the desolation round about. Three years of war, with the resultant poverty and lawlessness, have left a blighting impress on the surrounding country. The once scenic wooded hillsides have been stripped of almost everything that can be used for fuel—and now the people have come

to the stage of grubbing out the roots. In the half-wrecked villages along the river-front, guerrilla attacks, followed by harsh reprisals, keep taking a toll of life and property. The beautiful West Lake seems to be about the only thing that is unchanged by these horrible years of war. Such poverty I have never seen before. The rice supply is taken for the soldiers or shipped out of the country, so that our people are, many of them, literally at starvation level. Our churches are having a great opportunity, however, though in some ways they are starting again from the ground up. Most of the regular membership is gone. But the gospel surely does appeal to hearts nowadays in the midst of their suffering, and lots of new converts are being won.

7 in these conditions of strain and anxiety

THE TASKS of each day are so insistent that no one can give thought and time to elaborate reporting, nor to the counting of dead and harmed and destroyed among the members and homes of the churches in N — —. But at this moment there is reason for a brief description, largely for the interest of Christian workers absent from us, perforce, of the Christian activities in N — — during these eventful months.

The major Christian work has been that of direct service to noncombatants endangered by war. This is not the place to tell the story of the International Committee for a Safety Zone in N — —, and of the hundreds of Chinese workers who made its work possible. But it is the universal opinion in this city that the attempt to establish and to maintain a Safety Zone saved many thousands of lives, held down the terrible scourge of rape, and supplied food and endurable conditions for life for tens of thousands of people who found no ray of light elsewhere. Despite the great withdrawal of population from N — — in the weeks of expected assault, 250,000 entered the Safety Zone, and a few thousand remained outside, to suffer far more cruelly. A strong majority of the International Committee are Christian missionaries, and the German chairman has been our colleague in all things, even to the Sunday afternoon services of the Union Church. The Director and a high percentage of the Chinese leaders in the work of the Safety Zone are also Christian workers. The one considerable medical service, of critical importance under war conditions, was that of the University Hospital and this was supplemented by noteworthy Christian effort for wounded soldiers.

Within the Safety Zone, some 70,000 people were cared for in large camps, the majority of these people in the buildings of Christian institutions, placed at their disposal. In such camps the situation

and personnel were such as to give favorable opportunities for Christian services of all types. The meaning of such opportunities is realized only in contrast with the outer darkness, for in the rest of the city, organized life was impossible for civilians, and burning had been extensive even before the fighting and the military plague. Since November, there has been no school of any sort, save the emergency ones conducted for refugees in Christian properties within the Zone, and until recently, there has been no church service apart from the Zone. The 250,000 people have lived largely in crowded, strange surroundings, for the Zone is only one-eighth the area of the walled city. Many of these families lost members by death, often the unreasoning murder of people quiet in their homes. Thousands of women were raped and all were in terror of that suffering. Thousands of families knew their homes were burned, and practically all lost household and personal property through continued looting and through holdups even in the camps of refugees. Large numbers were reduced to an inadequate diet of rice gruel, and that possible only through charity.

In these conditions of strain and anxiety, there has been little margin for non-essentials, and the struggle for existence has brought forth some harsh results. Yet, by and large, there has been a good deal of cheerful acceptance of the inevitable, and a fair measure of co-operation for the common good. Great numbers have expressed their gratitude for Christian aid, and the response to limited programs of religious work has been remarkable. Though only three of the regular pastors of the city are at their posts, Christian teachers and laymen and retired pastors have supplemented their efforts in church enterprises, that comprise something like the numbers of normal times, with full staffs and a population of 1,000,000. These workers have almost all carried heavy responsibilities in other aid to refugees.

At five points, including the two churches located within the Zone, services were carried through without a break, even during the two weeks that were the height of the Terror. At six other points, regular Sunday programs were started about New Year's. Of these

eleven centers, eight conduct daily programs, some of them extensive ones. New centers are being opened this present week, as the gradual improvement of conditions permits the return of some people to their homes in other parts of the city. During January and February, the attendance at daily services and Bible classes has been nearly 1,000 and at Sunday gatherings, 1,400. These numbers could easily have been increased if larger halls were available in certain camps. Indeed, in more than one camp, tickets or means of rotation have been employed to spread out the opportunities of attendance. Although we have not especially inquired for such figures, some 200 new believers have been reported to us.

On the material side, the Christian enterprise in N — —, has not suffered as much as might naturally have been expected. The Chiang T'ang Gieh Church of the Methodist Mission, and the Young Men's Christian Association building on Chung Hwa Lu have been burned, both by the invading army. So, also, have two of the buildings used for the Boys' School of the Christian Mission in the South City. The Parish House of the American Church Mission on Tai Ping Lu was badly damaged during the fighting, and a few other mission properties have suffered somewhat by shells or fire. But, by and large, apart from the buildings that were burned, the property loss is not heavy, though when looting is counted, the total for all Missions and Christian institutions will run into some tens of thousands of dollars. Residences of Chinese and foreign workers, as of church members, have nearly all been looted, and the aggregate losses in this respect will undoubtedly be very large. The chief significance of this last statement, for our present purposes, lies in the fact that the Christian community, never very strong economically, has been still further weakened by what has happened. In addition to the direct loss or damage to Christian property in N — —, there is a very heavy indirect loss due to the extensive use of Christian buildings for the housing of refugees. Of the twenty-five camps conducted by the International Committee for the Safety Zone, eleven have been on Mission property, and these eleven have housed nearly two-thirds of the camp population. The resultant wear and tear upon buildings

has been heavy, and repair bills for this item will be large. In the case of the University of N — — alone, it has been estimated at $10,000. But repair bills of this sort can perhaps be paid with satisfaction because of the tremendous service which the buildings have rendered to the people at this time of crisis. Never have the buildings been more useful than in these recent months.

The needs and opportunities for Christian service in N — — are great and the number of workers is small. We hope that Chinese Christian leaders may return in considerable numbers as lines of communication slowly open.

8 busier than in normal times

I HAVE BEEN at work in F — — since the first of last November, and am very happy to be here where I have a sense of belonging more than I have anywhere else in the world. . . The opportunities for all kinds of mission work are much greater than our greatly reduced staff can take advantage of, and we are all busier than in normal times. And mission schools are crowded. We have our problems—problems of lack of well qualified teachers, lack of adequate income, lack of good text books (we must comply in part at least with the requirements that schools use text books of the New Order), but there is no problem of lack of students; quite the contrary. We have girls sleeping on the floor in our dormitory, in spite of all we could do to discourage them from coming when our accommodations were completely filled.

Relief work continues to claim more than ever of time and energies, and in this part of China, there seems to be no promise of better times. We have regularly organized projects of free distribution of food and clothing, or sale of foodstuffs at prices less than regular stores demand, child feeding projects, work relief, and in addition all of us are doing much more personal, unorganized charity and relief work than we have ever had to do before. Our whole economic system is very desperate. China has always had more than her share of poverty. But I have never seen anything like the destitution which surrounds us on all sides.

So this is the situation of need and opportunity into which your gifts have come to F — — Station. Practically all of our regular work is going on here, except for the colleges and higher educational institutions which moved west when war first broke over these parts of China. Even if it should become necessary for the American missionary staff to withdraw for a time—and it is not at all clear yet that that is going to happen—churches, schools, and our big mission hospital would carry on under their Chinese leaders and workers.

9 to endure whatever befall

THE COUNTRY air has a different quality, it is fragrant. On moonlight nights, it is pleasant to go out into the quiet garden to look up at the clear steadfast stars, to see the mountains calm and steady, not a sound, not even the barking of a dog. All so quiet, all so calm. We need a lot of looking upon such things to overcome the fears and worries that might arise from what we know is going on.

Sometimes in the day, big swift steel birds fly directly over our house, and afterward the windows shake, but we hear no sound; then comes news of houses shaken to pieces, of people going to the fields where the ground is soft in the morning and going home at night. The difficulty is that the island brothers take revenge on the populace. A man was asked by a guerrilla which side he thought was winning. He replied, "I don't know, but I know who is losing." "Who is losing?" He answered, "We, the people, are losing," which is quite correct. Taxes are not light, but when one must pay taxes to the conquerors, and then the bandits come in and hold up the villages for more than they have—surely the people are losing. Still, they plow and plant, cultivate and harvest, and hope keeps alive in their breasts.

And amidst it all, we also are sowing, cultivating, and harvesting. At present, in the country, there are two leaders' classes going on in two places, and in two other places teams from the Bible school will go out for a month's work. In three places primary schools will resume their work the day the Chinese New Year holidays close, less than two weeks off. So that, whereas from many mission fields missionaries are having to leave, from us only the mothers with their children have gone and the work is prospering and even taking forward steps. We have employed new workers, the local churches have taken more responsibility for their work. We are building our country boarding school into a Rural Christian Institute, with a

class beginning this term in farming and poultry raising and with a young lady learning weaving and knitting, preparatory to teaching it in this school. We have funds enough to establish this institute. A man teacher has been employed who is highly trained and has had many years of experience. He understands this kind of school and wants to do this work. The field from which he came is one that suffered persecution to the death of a number of fine workers. Now some are able to work there, but all foreigners have gone. We hope that we will meet no such fate, but if it is our lot to have such experiences, at least while we have peace, the pupils shall have instruction in subjects of common knowledge, and daily in Bible. And we pray God to give us courage to endure whatever befall, and wisdom to make our efforts count. We send best regards. In our prayers we remember America and hope she will be guided aright. May she be the peacemaker!

10 build up new China

For more than a year we have been in the southwest province of China. We came here to continue the work of our school undisturbed by the invaders. Yet students and teachers alike felt that here they might do something to help build up the new China in a part of the country that was still "free." This summer vacation the students are at work in five centers. One of the centers of work is the town where our school, with Central China University, is now located. H — — is a place of considerable wealth and culture but without a single Christian. Everyone is friendly. The first converts are a group of teachers.

The second group of students is at the county seat, twelve miles from here. Tali is the chief cultural center of this part of China. In it there is a small China Inland Mission church and a Roman Catholic church. But neither has been able to reach the educated people or to make much impression on the city as a whole. The summer work here is largely for students. About 200 have been enrolled in special classes. . . Ten miles beyond Tali is a boom town where a church is conducted by the Chinese Home Missionary Society, but wholly inadequate to meet the needs of the city. A group of our students is working there.

About 300 miles away is the capital of the province. Here refugees from other parts of China are transforming a sleepy old city. . . . Here a number of the great universities of China are temporarily located. A group of our own students will co-operate for the summer in Christian student work. Far to the south are the tin mines of the province. . . . Here there are a number of Christians, but no missionary or preacher. A group of our students received a special welcome here.

It has taken me three weeks to get the students started on their summer work. Ten and a half days were spent in travel; on horse, on bus, on truck, on train and on foot;—along the fertile valley

between the mountains and lake; over the mountains through the magnificent scenery; meeting farmers, soldiers, students, business men and industrialists; drinking tea with them and eating peaches and roasting ears of corn offered for sale all along the way; all the while getting the feel of the new China in the making among the mountains far from enemy operations. . . . We, with the theological students and the help of churches of the West, must see that Christianity keeps pace with the progress of new China and makes its contribution of life and hope.

11 a kind of 'house by the side of the road'

WE ARE thankful that our Mission Board is not getting "panicky" and insisting that we should evacuate in case there may be trouble here. Mothers with children and the physically weak and old have been advised to leave but the rest of us are allowed to stay. We feel that it would be wrong to run away from our work now just because the future holds uncertainties. The church has always advanced in the face of danger and we would be untrue to our call if we should leave. We are willing to go any time our presence becomes an embarrassment to our Chinese colleagues, but that day is not yet.

Just before all this evacuation talk began, B and I decided that our house should be repainted and redecorated on the inside. In spite of the fact that some people were talking of how many things they could pack up to take out of China, we decided that we should put more money into our house to make it more livable and usable. Since we try to share our home and make it a kind of "house by the side of the road," we feel that the time we spend on home making is well used.

Nantao Christian Institute is carrying on Goodwill Industries, a relief project for the poor people of this neighborhood. The building is now a beehive of activity where some 220 women and thirty men are employed in various types of handwork. There is a free clinic where the poor of the neighborhood come for help, a creche and a "toddler's room" where the children who can walk are cared for while their mothers work. Another important phase of the Goodwill Industries is carried on in the Goodwill Garden Project under the supervision of Mrs. S. The 250 Goodwill workers and their 200 children are given their noon meal, so vegetables must be produced to supply their needs. A group of men do gardening in the unused

portions of our South Gate Compound. Almost any morning you can see Mrs. S out with her gardeners directing the clearing up of ruined buildings to make another garden spot, planting a new bed of vegetables, getting lettuce picked to send to the International Settlement to be sold, or getting the old women who do weeding to work where they should. She is also in charge of the school for neighborhood children and children of workers of Goodwill Industries so that you will see her rushing over across the street to where some children are now using the buildings of our boys' school, Lowrie Institute. (This institution like Mary Farnham School is being carried on in the International Settlement.) One of the most interesting sights to visitors is to see the children of workers getting their noon meal of soft rice with different kinds of vegetables cooked in it. The healthy color in their faces shows that this diet agrees with them. Mr. S has the heavy responsibility of the entire program. He had to spend a great deal of time in the town office working out promotion programs, statistics on costs, distribution of Goodwill bags, etc.

As I think back over this year, some pleasant pictures that come to my mind are . . . a group of student teachers conducting a Christmas program for the children of the policemen whose families live in a big apartment in our neighborhood; later in the same day, Y.W.C.A. officers giving a party to the school servants and serving them . . . a robed choir of eighty Mary Farnham School and Lowrie students singing "The Lord Is My Shepherd" at the Thanksgiving Service at the Eightieth Anniversary of the two schools, and another scene in celebration of the same occasion when a group of senior girls is crowding around a huge birthday cake lighted with eighty tiny candles. On the top of the cake is an exact replica of the Mary Farnham School campus at South Gate. . . . These are some of the bright spots, but I should not be painting a fair picture of life in S — — did I not let you see some of the shadows . . . beggars exhibiting dreadful sores to move the crowds to give . . . hungry children picking up leaves to use for fuel . . . pale-faced factory workers going home . . . poor people loading Japanese military trucks with bricks

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or scrap iron from destroyed homes . . . whole families living crowded into a single, dark room . . . streets crowded with cars in front of the gambling resorts.

I do not want to close this letter in the shadow, for we believe that God has a plan to let light shine into this darkness and that finding out and doing our small part in this plan is the most thrilling thing imaginable.

12 'Hark, the Herald Angels Sing'

THIS IS the first holiday season for many years when I haven't managed to get my greetings off to you before Christmas actually arrived. But here it is December 23rd and my letter is just being written. Getting back to life and work here after almost a year and a half away, and arriving right in the midst of so many uncertainties in the international situation, I have found so many things to learn and so many things to do that the days haven't been long enough for letter writing.

In the midst of all this, Christmas comes even as it came that first time in a conquered country. Every time anyone has come into our school compound during the past month, he has heard some glee club or choir or singing class learning to sing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "Silent Night," "Away in a Manger," and all the other songs of peace on earth and goodwill among men, which even a world at war sings—perhaps more thoughtfully and wistfully this year than in happier times. Christmas afternoon in our big church, just across the street from where I live, all the choirs and glee clubs of the Christian churches and schools in the city will gather for a service of praise and joy. It would put renewed courage and faith into your hearts if I could take you along with me to that service and let you hear the old familiar Christmas music, even though you didn't understand the Chinese words.

And in spite of the fact that most of the Christian group now are poor, almost if not quite to the point of knowing real hunger and cold, still at Christmas time people are giving out of their poverty to help buy rice and warm clothing for persons poorer even than they are. So the message of Christmas is going out in song and story and deeds of helpfulness "o'er all the weary world."

13 brave enough to come

Was it faith that made you feel I would still be here, or was it because you felt I was an "essential to the work" and so was staying on, or did you just decide that quick decision and a hasty get-away was not in my line and so your Christmas greeting had plenty of time to reach me?

Some of the Boards have recalled all women and children. I am glad that our Board has so far only "strongly advised" and that advice was only for women with children, and the sick. The reason I am staying on in face of the advice of the State Department is because the type of work I am now engaged in will probably be allowed to go on for some time even if things are tense. So far we have had very little inconvenience, except that which always follows war. It may happen that later on our presence will be a hindrance to our Chinese colleagues. If that time comes, then the wiser thing would be to go home, otherwise those of us who are at present finding more opportunities for service than ever before will stay. Things may get to a point where we will be put in a concentration camp but, as thousands in other parts of the world are suffering a like fate, I see no reason for stopping on that account. We are more apt to have inconveniences in the way of having our light, water, and food supplies cut off, but as most of us eat too much that might not be a bad thing!

In June we decided to move our school for religious education to South Gate. At that time we wondered whether we would be able to get students to come to our lonesome and destroyed part of town. Fifty-two were brave enough to come. Our school has been bombed and burned but we opened in one of the buildings of the Mary Farnham School. Here in spite of the high cost of rice and

other food and the fact that at times the students were a bit hungry, a fine spirit has been shown both by the students and also by the teachers, who eat the same plain fare as the students.

My regular work has gone on as usual and it has been wonderful to see lives made new by the power of Christ. How much God can do when man gives him a chance!

This year has started with more than its usual uncertainty. You, too, are facing uncertainty of a different kind. Isn't it grand to think that some things are sure?

14 their minds are open and hungry

THE NEEDS for Christian literature in this area are tremendous. For three years nothing has come into the area except what individuals have brought for their own needs. Mr. N has just gotten some hymnals which he ordered a year ago last fall and which were shipped from our K — — depot last February.

The work of one of the professors here has resulted in hundreds of students wanting the Bible so that they may study it. They have to be refused, as there simply are no Bibles to sell them. The missionaries fear that if this interest is not met soon they will turn to communist literature or something else, as their minds are open and hungry.

An army officer asked Mr. N for a Bible. The latter replied that he had none to sell. The officer thinking he wanted more money, began to offer increasing sums. Mr. N explained to him that he had just this one copy on his desk, that he was teaching a Bible school, and simply could not carry on his work if he sold it. Then the officer said, "Tonight when you are through using it I will send my man to borrow it and I will sit up all night and read it and return it to you by eight o'clock tomorrow morning." And he did sit up all night with it.

Some of the expressions of gratitude that have come to me for my plan to bring in books are almost pathetic—such as, "If you succeed in this you'll be the savior of the Northwest." One man said, "We heard from the Bible Society that you might come this way, but we didn't take much notice. We thought that if you did come you would make an investigation and make a report on conditions, and then go on. We never supposed you would actually bring us Bibles."

Every letter that comes with an order is profuse in thanks, many

apologize for ordering so much, saying that this represents only their very minimum of needs. Two orders have noted, "If it is not asking too much of you, please double this entire order."

This *is* my job as I see it. When the Board appointed me to Literature Distribution their aim was to set aside one person who could supply the tools to the missionaries who were doing the actual mission work. The opportunity may not last—many things may intervene to prevent the supplying of books to the Northwest *if it is not done now.*

15 I have never had a greater privilege

I AM STILL at the back of beyond, out in the far Southwest of China. Politically speaking, blow after blow has fallen. Significant, is it not, that of the seventeen countries overrun by the aggressors during the last four years (some of them among Europe's oldest and most highly civilized sections)—apart from Finland, which still enjoys a precarious independence—China alone of the seventeen struggles on. And her people are convinced that the final victory will be theirs. China's resistance is one of the great epics of history.

Before the war, China had 108 colleges and universities. Some have had to close, but a few new ones have been organized, so the number now stands at 100. The large majority of the schools, however, are in small villages of the far interior, hundreds or even thousands of miles from their original sites. It is perhaps the greatest educational Odyssey of history. Over half of their books are gone and even more of their equipment. All the students have been uprooted from their home environment; many are in severe poverty with inadequate clothing and food. The International Student Relief Work has been of untold help in this regard. The schools are carrying on with magnificent spirit. China is showing herself unusually wise in continuing the education of these 25,000 future leaders, rather than sending all of them to the front.

The future of a free China is largely dependent upon the intelligence, spirit, and character of this small group. When we think that one-third of this precious leadership has been in K — —, we realize what an opportunity and responsibility is ours to face some of them with the challenge of Christ our Lord.

The Chung Cheng-Shanghai Medical Colleges have been carrying on in mud-walled, thatch-roofed buildings in the country. I

have been going out there once a week for a year and a half, helping in their Christian fellowship group. I have never had a greater privilege than to be associated with this particular group, to see them develop in faith and initiative, in personal work and in prayer. It has been the outstanding joy of my time in K — —. . . . The last action at the meeting was to choose three sets of leaders to initiate and carry on a Christian group in each of the three small places to which they are going.

I have just returned from the University Students' Summer Conference at Kwang Yin-shan, a Goddess of Mercy temple on a wooded hill by Kunming Sea. The attendance was limited to ninety, a third of them Christians, and another third in touch with Christianity through school or church, and markedly sympathetic.

At this student conference it was my privilege to lead the daily devotional service. In the dim light of the inner temple I stood to speak of Christ—before me the students seated on sawhorses or straw prayer mats, behind me the gilded Goddess of Mercy.

To me the most significant aspect of the conference was the leadership taken by a group of fifteen of the more earnest Christians, nearly all of them medical students. This group was back of me to the limit, and I was their spokesman rather than their leader. One of them served as chairman daily. Most met for personal devotions and prayer just before I spoke each morning.

Last week seventy of the delegates met for a reunion in the city, and it looks as if much of this awakened interest can be conserved and become a part of the several college Christian fellowships. Moreover, we shall now be linked up internationally with the World's Student Christian Movement, for largely as a result of the impetus of the conference, a Yunnan Christian Union has been organized. . . . Opportunities are limitless, and there is always plenty of straight hand-to-hand work for all of one's time and energy. . . . Questions which interest them most are the relation of Christian faith to the problem of evil and suffering, the meaning of the cross, how Christ can give men self-control, how one may find God, the meaning (if

any, many ask) of life, does God have a purpose in the world and, if so, what is its relation to China in this present crisis?

My own determination for a deeper spirit of unity with all Christ's people was greatly strengthened during a holiday trip we had this last winter down to C — —, and from there over the line to Thailand (Siam). In Bangkok I had the happiest Sunday of the trip. One of our missionaries took me around to visit one Thai and three Chinese church services, the latter in particular well crowded. I spoke briefly three times. I felt deeply stirred, for they treated me as one of themselves, for I had just come from their homeland, and they were so eager for any word regarding Free China. In the evening I addressed 150 young Chinese, a personal workers' club! As on this trip I met Chinese, Thai, and Annamese Christians, I was impressed again how deep is our unity. Race, nation, class, educational and economic differences—these distinctions are real, but it is even more real that we are "one in Christ Jesus."

In a time when the foundations of our world are being shaken to the depths, it is reassuring to know that Christ is winning the allegiance of many of China's future leaders.

16 living in the middle of a drum

We seem to be living in the middle of a drum—all around is crashing and roaring. Yesterday, our City Mayor gave me enough grain to keep one thousand people alive for six weeks; the few friends of influence who are left, but who will flee when the Mayor withdraws, have provided enough to take care of the same number for two weeks. These substantial evidences of co-operation, to say nothing of their trust and confidence, have heartened me. I hope that the International Red Cross will do at least this much for us. Very likely we are going to have about six thousand people in our Refugee Camp. Imagine such a number of people living in crowded quarters during the hot summer months, without sanitation and other things we think necessary to existence.

I have been studying the Parable of the Talents with great profit these days. It would be so easy to conduct a camp for co-workers and Christians, but what a tragedy to my own spiritual life and that of the Church! We must stretch our borders wide open. I thought I had sent you my last message before the turn-over. Who knows but what there may be still more letters!

17 a long line waiting out in the garden with the roses

FOLLOWING my last letter our neighbor town on the northwest has had a visitation from the skies—right in the heart of the town—mowing down blocks of houses and taking life on a wholesale scale. Little children playing in courtyards were blown to pieces, and a bride in all her wedding finery arrived at our hospital in a bad state. Our doctor thought he could save her life by amputating both legs. Three hundred people were needlessly killed that day—all of them civilians. Our hospital is crowded till people are almost tumbling out of the windows. Then came another day of bombing. We listened to crash after crash—much worse than any nightmare one has ever experienced. Still another procession of wounded people, all on improvised stretchers, came to our hospital. Dr. M was undaunted, and corralled his staff—himself leading in the terrible cleaning-up process. It took hours and hours, and there was a long waiting line out in the garden with the roses. Pride of India trees were in blossom and there was the golden oriole singing away in happy augury of God's loving care and provision. Most of the people were too maimed and sick to notice anything, but a few spoke gratefully of the beauty and quiet. I can't help wondering where all the materials to make these deadly missiles came from. And the dreadful planes flying over our heads—can it be that the gasoline comes from America? Is there nothing we can do about it? I have just been into a hospital annex to see a beautiful little girl eight years old. She will go through life with one leg and without a mother. Neighbors say there was nothing left of the child's mother. She does not know about that loss yet.

Much time was lost in bringing these people to our hospital. I should have moved heaven and earth to get a car as soon as roads were made last year. When I see the doctor starting off on his

rickety old bicycle after an S.O.S. from one of these bombed places, I can hardly bear it, for just as likely as not, he will return lugging the bicycle on his back. In all the years he has carried on so splendidly I have never heard him admit tiredness, but last week I saw him charging around the hospital with his head down and not the usual spring to his step. Two o'clock one morning I tried persuading him to stop operating for a few hours' sleep, but without success. Of course, he was afraid of tetanus—some had already waited too long.

I could fill pages and pages of refugee stories—families trying to rush ahead of death and destruction, leaving their homes with a small bundle in their hands, and no money. They really believe that they will be able to return to their beloved farms and homes. Meanwhile, somehow body and soul must be kept together!

Speaking of money, I must tell you about my underground banks. When the time of "occupation" finally comes, it will not be possible to find a loose dollar in a city like this. We have no banks. Ordinarily the local shops cash my checks. Formerly, they used them for buying goods in the Port Cities, but now it is not much more than a scrap of paper to them, since there is no such thing as business. I have enough money buried deep in iron drums (once full of paint) to carry us over a period of three months. I buried one last autumn in my delphinium bed and wondered at the time how I should explain away the bare spot when the plants came up in the spring. Lo and behold! there is no bare spot—lovely blossoms cover the whole space. I am so glad they are blue! Three of us know about these "burials," hoping that at least one will survive anything and everything that happens.

With heartiest greetings, and believing that something is going to put a stop to all this dreadful carnage.

18 to love with no exceptions

HOME TO an empty house, but there is such a wide response, I am grateful to be here. The days after we left K — — proved to be the high point in horror, for though there were fewer bombs, the planes stopped regularly on the way to or from Burma Road, and machine-gunned streets and country roads and even some of the paths across the lake. They also shot down two commercial planes (one of them over a city), machine-gunning the passengers.

Life is, of course, not normal; the streets are at times almost deserted, and yet the all-important transportation business roars on triumphantly. Some Christians still gather at eerie hours in shattered churches; universities have been bombed badly, but they carry on almost a normal schedule, though at hours an American campus would be abed or out for the evening; the mission hospital near us has lost two buildings, and bombs have so shattered the others that only a clinic can be held (maternity patients have been moved to hastily-put-up wooden shacks in the country). But the people are astonishingly matter-of-fact about it all. Their stubborn patience, their extraordinary resiliency, will prove the deciding factor in China's ultimate victory.

Naturally, I have fewer regular Bible classes, though I do get in four groups weekly, and a sermon or talk, and there are open hearts for personal work. Saturday night I led the World Day of Prayer meeting, sixty of us, mostly Christian students. In a bitterly cold and dimly lit church, whose doors and windows had been blown out by the concussion of the bombing, we reaffirmed our oneness of faith with Christians everywhere, and our determination that even the bitterness of war shall not destroy our unity. And I was strongly

moved as our Chinese chairman led us in prayer for the Christians of Japan and Germany, and especially for Kagawa and Pastor Niemöller, now both in prison, and as we united in prayer for Chiang Kai-shek, our Christian generalissimo. Last night I had the chance to lead a Bible class group of thirty university students, just organized by their Christian Fellowship. On Sunday seven engineering students stayed an hour and a half as we studied the Beatitudes, and were challenged again to "hunger and thirst for righteousness," and to be "pure in heart," and to love with no exceptions.

19 these things are happening

WE HAVE just finished church service and are all so grateful that we can still have it. The firing of field artillery shook the building from time to time, but the congregation remained quiet. We are using the Women's Chapel for Sunday services. The big church is so near, and yet so far, quite inaccessible. I have repeatedly read reports in the papers speaking of the invading forces as busy in "mopping up" a district. That process has begun inside the city. Chinese are not allowed to remain within the city walls. Mission property with the exception of the City Chapel is all outside the city but close to it. Late yesterday afternoon, men, women, and children came for protection, empty handed, driven out without being allowed to bring anything. No bedding, no food, no money. For something over two hours rifle shots were fired at three of the city gates, and there was one machine gun. We have no way of knowing how many people lost their lives. The women we have received yesterday and today tell us how the guns were pressed against their hearts. In the pitiful crowd outside our gate last night were a woman eighty-three years old and her son over sixty, also a blind man and his wife both old. We are concerned about a little girl of about twelve, whose mother is here. This woman was driven out of the city without being allowed to return to her home to get her child.

All the young girls who were brought to us are disguised by being dressed in boy's clothes. This morning M took under her care a man, his wife, and their daughter dressed in boy's clothes. M sent the girl to the hospital to have her badly burned hand dressed. There were three young women in the family, and when they were surrounded by soldiers this morning, they decided to set fire to their own house and all die together. The mother and the two unmarried

girls were burned to death. The soldiers dispersed when the flames burst out, and some neighbors came and dragged the others out. The young daughter-in-law was badly burned and was carried to our Women's Hospital. The young son was carried to the Men's Hospital.

To you who read this, these things will not seem so dreadful as they do to me, and they do not seem so dreadful to me as to those to whom these things are happening. I pray that I may learn the meaning of "bear ye one another's burdens." Last night was our first quiet night. It was the first night in which I have been wakeful for long. I was thinking of the people driven out of the city and realizing that I have not done as much as I might have for those who came to us harassed and dejected like "sheep without a shepherd."

20 the shortest distance between two points

EVEN LOCAL travel constitutes a serious problem these days, and the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line where travel is concerned! Several missionary colleagues require six days to cover a journey from one station to another, which before the occupation they made in two hours. To travel the ninety miles between Hongkong and Canton during the last three months, it has been found necessary to travel about eighteen hundred miles, involving a voyage back from there to Canton! Before the "incident" we traveled from Hongkong to Canton by train in less than three hours, by steamer in six hours.

21 we are all guilty

TODAY shortly before noon, we heard the shattering explosions of heavy artillery again, felt our buildings shake and heard the whiz of the projectiles overhead.

What we are able to hear is only a fraction of what is going on, but this warning shows that those now controlling the city believe they had been too lenient with the people who have crept into their own homes at odd times to get food and fuel and have often been allowed to pass unchallenged on the street, though many have been taken.

The first thought that comes to us is, "What will the refugees eat?" What we have of free grain would last them only about ten days, but God who has given us this privilege of helping will provide.

This is war. All that we are seeing is the inevitable accompaniment of the dynamic expansion of a dissatisfied imperialistic power, a "have-not." We are all guilty. What have we to answer when Japan points to the example of our Western countries? I with my covetousness and possessiveness, with my resentments and lack of love and failure to take responsibility have been a part of the disintegrating force that is ruining the world.

22 men and women of every race

OVER twenty years ago a poorly financed Japanese pastor from the struggling "Omi" indigenous Japanese mission, arrived in Peiping with his wife to help the poor people of China to Christianity. He had a great double burden on his heart to teach the people of China the message which had meant so much to him and to bring to the Chinese people some of the understanding of the great worth of the best people in Japan.

His story ought to be told in detail and indeed is already well known in Japan. We can here but say that he and his wife, both Oberlin graduates, lived frugally and gave their lives under great difficulties and among much misunderstanding to work among the women in the poorest section of Peiping, and there in time built up a modest girls' school which had enormous influence in the neighborhood for good.

At the beginning of this year this same pastor came to the Presbyterian Building Bureau with the request that we help him design a new Chinese girls' high school. Said he, "I have no money to build but I have faith to believe that the Christian women and girls of Japan will at this time want to show their love for the women of China by some practical demonstration."

The buildings were designed and thousands of letters brought the many small gifts that made their erection possible.

Some weeks ago the staff and students of the Presbyterian Building Bureau were able to stand beside this brave Japanese pastor and his wife and with them rejoice to hear the happy voices of hundreds of Chinese girls as they crowded in from the poorest quarter of Peiping to see their very own high school built with Christian Japanese money and designed and erected by Christian Chinese and Americans in a co-operative effort to prove that under Heaven all men and women of every race are brothers and sisters in His work.

23 more than conquerors

I WAS REQUESTED, as secretary of our Peiping Station, to write a letter of thanks to the Board for the cablegram of February 22nd. It referred to "significance at this time mission enterprise. Your continued presence as missionaries on the field gives vital testimony to world mission of church, ministry of goodwill and indissoluble bond of Christian fellowship . . . in the spirit of Romans eight."

We have liked the attitude of our Board all along as your caution did not exceed the splendid sense of "commission" and responsibility. It was reassuring to get this message and we shared it with practically all the missionaries, and we felt a thrill as we realized that we are a part of the body of Christ throughout the world.

There is a consensus of opinion that if the Chinese with whom we are associated should feel that our continued presence here is a menace to their freedom, we should promptly withdraw. Such an eventuality is not impossible but I doubt very much its likelihood. We have not felt it necessary to conjure up all the extreme possibilities of a situation like this.

There is a very friendly relationship with the Embassy and quite a clearing house for information here in inner missionary circles.

Never before has the significance of the Christian missionary movement seemed so great. Caesar divides; Christ unites.

24 they have chosen to stay

THE MERE job of keeping alive and healthy enough to do a decent job takes a much larger proportion of our time here than it does for the same kind of work under peaceful conditions. We do not complain about it. On the other hand we are rather proud of the fact that in three years of active warfare with its bombing outrages in or near our city there has not been a single day when some member of our American staff has not been on hand to help in case of need. Many times our women have handled the job alone. To me, one of the most inspiring examples of devotion and ability is the way our missionary women have stuck to their work through all kinds of dangers and perils. They have faced bombings with babies in their arms, they have faced famines with their own children running the danger of food shortage. They have faced bandits and soldiers and sickness and almost any kind of human need in a way that will make future generations of Presbyterians proud of them. This is all the more remarkable because they have done it of their own free will. In almost every instance they could have fled before danger and trouble but they have chosen to stay and serve because they are not afraid.

Two of the most evident blessings are self-reliance and faith. All of us after a bombing or an invasion, have had to learn to rely on what is left—with which to carry on our work. Our Chinese colleagues as always have borne the greatest burdens and they have shown wonderful self-reliance.

We hope you will not feel sorry for us. That is not the kind of sympathy that helps. Just pray that we will be given all the resources necessary to solve these problems as they open out before us. It is a thrilling job and we would not trade it for anything.

25 regardless of what goes on up in the sky

THE GOLDEN oriole still sings and the roses bloom just the same, regardless of what goes on up in the sky. The almost ripe wheat fields are another happy augury of God's love.

The waters of our little mill pond are fitfully ruffled these days. But in this mad world with all its evil, sorrow, and despair, I find the ordinary, but real, things of life these days—the kindness of a neighbor, the friendliness of a child, the affectionate curiosity of a student, the simple joys of a festival—more precious than ever before. Do you find it so? My best wishes!

26 the crowning moment

WE TRIED every possible way to get back to C — — without success until this A — — trip. It had been exquisite torture but the welcome here makes up for it all—even if we had to leave tomorrow. We are supremely happy in our work in the midst of danger, uncertainty and problems such as we have never had to face in our whole lives. The crowning moment of our lives came when Dr. Wang placed her hands on our shoulders—one on mine and one on A's—and looked at us with eyes filled with love and trust accepting us as one of them. They have cared so much—as they have known how we have struggled and sweat blood trying to get back to them. Now we are home and will leave for nothing except actual war until furlough or peace comes.

27 worthy ambassadors

WE SEE no signs of closing up or retrenchment as we go about our daily rounds. A recent survey of sixty centuries of human life reveals that war has been more devastating and destructive of civilization in the past forty years than in any period of human history. When man's heart turns again toward God, when he chooses again the ways of morality and integrity, of justice and brotherhood, then this wearied world will become a better place in which to live—instead of a desert of want and fear. Today we find communism and nationalism far more virile and menacing than any ancient faiths. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." "Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it."

If you could look upon us at our daily round of work and sense the Christian fellowship that is ours, you might think of this as one of the steadiest parts of this old universe! The repercussions of the whole world seem at times to be felt in old China. This is such a tragic age. Don't go dodging through life at too rapid a pace over there, or you will miss some of this assurance: "Though destruction walk around us . . . Though the arrow past us fly . . . We are safe if Thou art nigh."

Under His guiding care, depending always upon your believing prayers, we would be worthy ambassadors.

28 there is something invincible

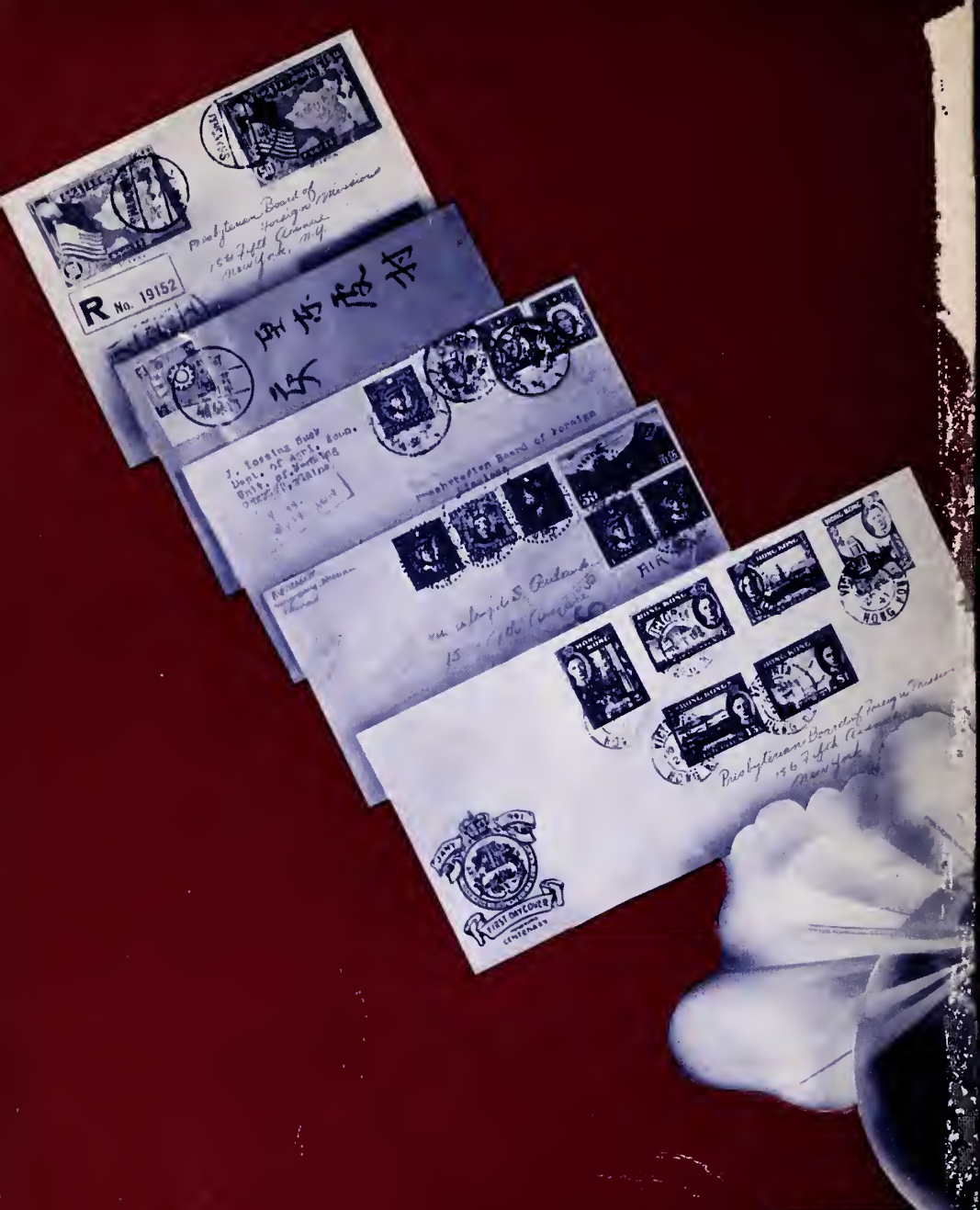
RECENTLY we had a delightful guest in our home. He was a young man from M — — who had spent forty days in prison last year for no other reason than that he was a Y.M.C.A. secretary, and therefore, was suspected of being dangerous to the people of M — —. After this experience, this man who has a wife and three children, decided that it was necessary for him to leave M — —, as life under terrific suspicion seemed intolerable. This former secretary accepted a position as professor of finance in a government university in a province near by, and was on his way there, when a Christian educational association, which was in need of a secretary invited him to that position. This he was finally able to accept at a considerable financial sacrifice.

While we were at breakfast together, he told us how he had been cast into prison and placed among bandits and criminals of every dye. Daily he was given five pieces of bread and a piece of salted vegetable. What impressed me was that he came out of prison apparently with no resentment against those who had wronged him. When innocent Christians are imprisoned and persecuted, and are without resentment and bitterness, the Church is again approaching the dawning of a new day of power. There is something invincible in such faith, whether it be Paul's or Stephen's or that of such a man as this. There is one obvious conclusion that men can draw from all this, namely, that such men have been with Jesus and have learned of him. It was not the large number of early Christians which was so impressive, as the quality of those Christians. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord, of hosts."

a Prayer for Peace

When comes the day, O Master,
That hate and strife shall cease,
And from earth's farthest corner
Shall swell the hymn of peace?
When shall law follow chaos?
When love defeat the sword?
Thy gracious, heavenly Kingdom—
Haste Thou its coming, Lord!

From a hymn
by a Japanese Christian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